



" Prompt to improve and to invite,
" We blend instruction with delight."

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POPULAR TALES.

" To virtue if these Tales persuade,
" Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

FROM THE NEW-YORK AMULET.
CONFESSIONS OF A VICTIM.
BY A POET.

I am the only son of reputable and wealthy parents. Early in life, I entered into a mercantile house in New-York, for the purpose of acquiring a knowledge of the business, preparatory to commencing, on my own responsibility, a mercantile career. At this time, I was eighteen, and had but recently returned from my academic studies at New-Haven. My person, at that early period, was good; my mind polished by education, and my manners, if not graceful, were easy. I was glad of heart and ambitious of distinction—eager for the reputation of integrity, and an enthusiast in my admiration of genius. My associates were reputable and the sons of gentlemen—the prospect before me was excellent, and my life glided onward like a placid stream.

It was within a few weeks of my nineteenth birth-day, that I became acquainted with Amelia Montfort. She was a being of perfect virtue, of transcendent beauty, and of uncommon mind—had an eye for the beauties of nature, and a soul for the spell of poesy. She was three years my junior; her beauty rather in the blossom than the bud, and her intellect, more remarkable for its gift of imagination, than for its power. She had mingled little in society—knew less of the heartlessness of mankind—and her heart was the temple of enthusiastic and ardent, but of hallowed feelings.

For myself, I had mingled much in female society; had pressed many 'a thin red lip,' and bowed before many a rich dark eye. But Amelia was a glad creature, a 'girl in gentleness,' and 'a high souled woman' in dignity; and when she elicited admiration, it was ever blended with esteem. Mingled in her temperament, also, there was a tinge of romance—it was the romance rather of devoted feeling, than of affected sentiment; and even when

her affections were hoarded up in the sanctuary of her own pure bosom, she acknowledged their burning intensity, and confessed the idolatry which would mingle in her love. In brief, Amelia became the beau ideal of my fancy, and ere I knew her many months, I was her worshipper.

My thoughts were all bound up in the frenzy of my feelings—affection had imparted to my character a new tinge, and to my habits another current. In my communings with that being, I was supremely happy. There was enchantment in the very atmosphere she breathed—my dreams caught their delirious raptures from her memory, and my waking thoughts dwelt constantly upon Amelia. She was worthy of all my regard—worthy of all my devotion—and every hour seemed but to unfold some estimable trait in her character.

When I was twenty years of age, we were married. My father relinquished his business in my favour, and life glided on for another year, all sunshine and happiness.

By this time, I had gone out more frequently to mingle with the world—became interested in politics, and thirsted for power. I was engaged in a lucrative mercantile career—my family was influential, and my aid readily accepted, if not courted, by the wily and perfidious minions of office. Gradually, I became deeply interested in political warfare—gradually I forgot the spell of my wife's virtue and affections,—and, gradually, there was delirium and joy in the wine-cup, and I became one of the votaries of Bacchus.

I cannot portray how insiduously the charm wove into my senses, and frittered away my faculties. It now seems as a terrible and impossible dream—but the horrors of that dream are imprinted with letters of fire upon my brain. The agonies of my remorse, have been as serpents gnawing the tenderest vitals of my existence. I gaze back upon the past, and would fain blot its hallowed moments from the pages of my being.

But to continue. With 'stealthy step and slow,' I became the victim of intemperance—

neglected my business, and was a bankrupt—was at first pointed at and pitied by my friends and relatives, and at last, shunned and despised as a disgrace and a dishonour.

It was many months before my wife could bring herself to the conviction, that I was a drunkard. I that had come to her in her youth and beauty—I that had called forth and broken up the deepest recesses of her soul! I that was applauded for my integrity—honoured for my virtue—and emulated for my character! how could she deem me a drunkard, a loathed and contemptible sot—a disgrace to my name, and a disgrace to humanity. She closed her eyes for a weary period upon a truth so horrible, and endeavoured to shut out from her senses, and her understanding, the blackness of my guilt! Oh God! how that being clung to, and worshipped me, even amid the abject contumely of my degradation. How she clung amid the wretchedness of her despair, to the hope that I might yet be retrieved. How she wept, and persuaded, and endeavoured to fascinate me back to my domestic enjoyments, and to keep me, even for one night, from the dens of iniquity and the revelry of crime! How she 'threw her white arms around me,' and besought me with earnest looks, and pure caresses, to remember my early vows—to remember my own happiness—her peace of mind, and my father's cares for the sake of his only child, and the heir to his hitherto unspotted fame. Oh my God! how impossible it now seems, that I could have steelled my heart against such persuasions—how impossible it seems that I could have gone forth after such a scene as this, and bathed my senses, like a brute, in the debasing influence of intoxication. Would to heaven that I could live over again my young life. Would that again I might hear the glad voice of my Amelia, and bask in the innocent smiles of her affection! Would I could call up the shade of my murdered sire, and weep away my shame and anguish, in tears of blood! But in vain now is the agony of my remorse—in vain do I repent of early error, and invoke the past hours.

It was probably three years after my marriage that I became a bankrupt—the progress of my debasement from that period, was rapid. I gave myself completely up to intemperance. The intoxicating draught operated upon my mind like some bewildering spell of infatuation, I was unable to resist its influence. I was unable to turn away from the tide of ignominy, which was hurrying me to the vortex of destruction. My mind, though it did not actually decay, seemed somewhat affected with my body. My affections were benumbed and torpid, and the sympathies of my bosom, held affinity with nothing but drink.

Amid the most abject poverty, my wife shared my destiny. Bloated and distorted as were my features, she still imagined she saw in them traces of my early condition. And when,

in some fitful moment of remorse and sanity, I professed repentance—when, for a moment, I told her that my affection for her still lived—Oh God! what a flush of joy overspread the features of my poor Amelia—what a thrill of rapture seemed tingling through her veins, as she still hoped to save me.

Then she would tell me over all my prospects of retrieving my fortune—that I was yet young—that my father would receive me back again into his confidence—that she would love me, and cherish me—and then, for a moment, melted and overcome, I would promise her to reform. But I could not. The curse was upon me, and in vain I endeavoured to shake it off.

At last my poor wife grew sick: she bore up for a long season under her sufferings, but finally her heart broke, and she died.

I had humanity enough left to know the extent of the evil I had inflicted—but in the horrors of the moment I had but one resource, the bowl—the accursed bowl. Again and again, I sipped of its deep damnation.

A little longer, and I was a spectacle disgusting to the philanthropist. A beggar and a drunkard, I wandered through the streets of my native city, an object of contempt and shame. My father spurned me from his door, but alas! the old man was but a little while for this world. My infamous career soon brought his gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. He bequeathed his fortune to a distant relative.

At the time of his death I was a tenant of the alms-house, being a victim of mania potu, and a maniac.

For a long time I struggled with death, but I was yet young, and finally recovered. My form was now emaciated, and my countenance ghastly.

My mind had somewhat recovered its former capacity, but as my reason floated back, Good God! what horrid images mingled among my memories. I was the murderer of my wife—I was a parricide—and my father's dying groans and malediction, seemed like an eternal knell in my ears.

I have toiled through twenty years more—have lived a life of the most appalling sufferings and misery—and now, whilst I totter on the brink of eternity, I am still a drunkard!! If ever a human being has suffered for the crime of drunkenness, that being am I. I have hesitated often as to launching myself into another world, but resolved to bear the agony of my reflections and the horrors of my condition, as an atonement for my crimes.

I am a murderer! I feel, as I linger on the confines of this world, that I have murdered the wife of my bosom—I feel that I have sent my father in his old age, with sorrow, to his tomb! But oh! have I not suffered for my iniquities?—Have I not, by living in squalid misery, in degradation and in infamy, suffered

more than a thousand deaths? Forgive, I beseech thee, O God, in this, my last and mortal hour of anguish! Forgive me, sainted spirit of my injured wife, and hallowed shadow of my murdered father. Angels of heaven, I pray ye, forgive me! And ere I die, oh youth! whilst my soul is yet lingering in its mortal tenement, shun, oh shun, I beseech you, the intoxicating bowl.

FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

A DAY'S REVERSES.

A TALE OF THE PAST SEASON.

The evening of Thursday, the 15th of February, 1827, was one of the most delightful I ever remember to have spent. I was alone; my heart beat lightly; my pulse was quickened by the exercise of the morning; my blood flowed freely through my veins, as meeting with no checks or impediments to its current, and my spirits were elated by a multitude of happy remembrances and of brilliant hopes. My apartments looked delightfully comfortable, and what signified to me the inclemency of the weather without. The rain was pattering upon the sky-light of the staircase; the sharp east wind was moaning angrily in the chimney; but as my eye glanced from the cheerful blaze of the fire to the ample folds of my closed window curtains—as the hearth rug yielded to the pressure of my foot, while, beating time to my own music, I sung, in rather a louder tone than usual, my favorite air of '*Judy O'Flannegan*;'—the whistling of the wind, and the pattering of the rain, only served to enhance in my estimation the comforts of my home, and inspire a livelier sense of the good fortune which had delivered me from any evening engagements. It may be questioned, whether there are any hours in this life, of such unmixed enjoyment as the few, the very few, which a young bachelor is allowed to rescue from the pressing invitations of those dear friends who want another talking man at their dinner tables, or from those many and wily-devised entanglements which are woven round him by the hands of inevitable mothers, and preserve entirely to himself. Talk of the pleasure of repose! What repose can possibly be so sweet, as that which is enjoyed on a disengaged day during the laborious dissipations of a London life?—Talk of the delights of solitude! Spirit of Zimmerman!—What a solitude is the imagination capable of conceiving so entirely delightful, as that which a young unmarried man possesses in his quiet lodging, with his easy chair and his dressing gown, his beef-steak and his whiskey and water, his nap over an old poem, or a new novel, and the intervening despatch of a world of little neglected matters, which from time to time, occur to recollection between the break of the stanzas or the incidents of the story? Men—married men—may expatiate, if they will, in good polished sentences, on the delights of their e-sides; and the gay cheerfulness of their

family circles, but I do not hesitate to affirm, that we, in our state of single blessedness, possess not only all the sweets of our condition, but derive more solid advantages from matrimony itself, than any of these solemn eulogists of their own happiness can dare to pretend to derive from it. We have their dinners, without the expense of them; we have their parties, without the fatigue of those interminable domestic discussions which are inseparable from the preliminary arrangements; we share the gay and joyous summer of their homes, when they are illuminated for company, and escape the intervening winter of darkness and economy; we are welcomed with all the plate, the glittering dinner service, and the wine, that is produced, on rare occasions, from recondite bins, and are most mercifully delivered from the infliction of the ordinary Wedgwood dishes, and the familiar port and sherry; we are presented to the lady, when her smiles never fail to radiate, and are made acquainted with the children when adorned in their smooth hair and shining faces, in their embroidered frocks and their gentlest behaviour; and, having participated in the sunny calm, the halcyon hours of the establishment, we depart before the unreal and transitory delusion is dispersed, and leave the husband to contemplate the less brilliant changes of the lady's countenance and temper, and to maintain a single combat against the boisterous perversities of his offspring. It is certainly a most desirable thing, that all those persons who are blest with large houses and good cooks, should marry; for I do not understand how they can otherwise hope to achieve any very good balls, or even any tolerable dinners. If houses are to be opened with effect, there must be a mistress; and it is therefore absolutely incumbent on all public spirited persons, who have the real good of society at heart, to provide their establishments with so essential a member. But marriage is an act of generous self devotion for the benefit of the circle among whom we move, a sacrifice of personal advantage made to attain the power of being gracefully hospitable to our friends; for it is established beyond a doubt, that we single persons enjoy the cream and quintessence of matrimonial felicity, and that wives and husbands possess a painful monopoly of its tumults and its distractions, its anxieties and its restraints. Then again, with regard to Home:—I don't believe that any individual in existence knows what a really comfortable home is—the quiet—the consideration—the uninterruptedness—the easy chair drawn parallel with the fire place—the undisputed right of sitting with a foot on either nob—the lamp arranged to suit the level of his own eye—the careless luxury resulting from an exclusive appropriation of all the conveniences of an apartment.—No man can be really *chez soi*—can be in the full enjoyment of all the accommodation afforded by his house, and fire side, and furniture, and presume to exercise the

right of a master over them, unless he be independent of the fetters of wedlock.

In the other case, if he attempt to put himself at his ease, his conscience upbraids him of selfishness; he can't draw a footstool near him, without feeling his sensibility disturbed by the apprehension of interfering with the comforts of another. No man, I repeat it, can be in the entire enjoyment of life, unless he be a young unmarried man, with an attached elderly valet to wait upon him. I am so thoroughly persuaded of this fact, that nothing on earth but my love for you, Maria, could persuade me to relinquish *'my unhoused free condition.'* Nothing but my adoration of such a union of various beauties, and almost incongruous mental accomplishments, could have induced me to abandon my present state of luxurious independence; but, under my peculiar and most favoured circumstances, I only pass from a lower to a higher degree of happiness: True, the idle, the downy, the somewhat ignominious gratifications of celibacy are sacrificed; but they are exchanged for the pure and dignified enjoyment of laboring to secure an angel's happiness, beneath the cheering influence of her exhilarating smiles.

Such were the reflections that hastily passed along my mind, on the afternoon of Thursday the 15th of February, 1827, as I sat with volume of the *Tor-Hill* in my hand, in the back drawing room of my lodgings in Conduit-st. It was about ten o'clock in the afternoon. My dinner was just removed. It had left me with that gay complacency of disposition, and irrepressible propensity to elocution, which result from a satisfied appetite, and an undisturbed digestion. My sense of contentment became more and more vigorous and confirmed, as I cast my eye around my apartment, and contemplated my well filled book case, and the many articles of convenience with which I had contrived to accommodate my nest; till, at length, the emotions of satisfaction became too strong to be restrained within the bonds of silence, and announced themselves in the following soliloquy:

'What capital coals these are!—There's nothing in the world so cheerful—so enlivening—as a good, hot, blazing, sea-coal fire,' I broke a large lump into fragments with the poker, as I spoke—'it's all mighty fine,' I continued, 'for us travellers to harangue the ignorant on the beauty of foreign cities, on buildings without dust, and their skies without a cloud; but, for my own part, I like to see a dark, thick, heavy atmosphere, hanging over a town. It forewarns the traveller of his approach to the habitations, the business, and the comforts of his civilized fellow-creatures. It gives an air of grandeur, and importance, and mystery, to the scene; It conciliates our respect; We know that there must be some fire where there is so much smother:—While, in those bright, shining, smokeless cities, whenever the sun shines upon them, one's eyes are put out

by the glare of their white walls! and when it does not shine!—why, in the winter, there's no resource left for a man but hopeless and shivering resignation, with their wide, windy chimneys, and their damp, crackling, hissing, spattering, tantalizing fagots.' I confirmed my argument in favour of our metropolitan obscurity by another stroke of the poker against the largest fragment of the broken coal; and then, letting fall my weapon, and turning my back to the fire, I exclaimed, 'Certainly—there's no kind of furniture like books:—nothing else can afford one an equal air of comfort and habitability. Such a resource too!—A man never feels alone in a library.—He lives surrounded by companions, who stand ever obedient to his call, coinciding with every caprice of temper, and harmonising with every turn and disposition of the mind. Yes: I love my books:—They are my friends—my counsellors—my companions. Yes; I have a real personal attachment, a very tender regard for my books.'

I thrust my hands into the pockets of my dressing gown, which, by the by, is far the handsomest piece of old brocade I have ever seen,—a large running pattern of gold hollyhocks, with silver stalks and leaves, upon a rich, deep, Pompadour-coloured ground, and walking slowly backwards and forwards in my room, I continued,—'There never was, there never can have been, so happy a fellow as myself! What on earth have I to wish for more? Maria adores me—I adore Maria. To be sure she's detained at Brighton; but I hear from her regularly every morning by the post, and we are to be united for life in a fortnight.—Who was ever so blest in his love? Then again John Fraser—my old school-fellow! I don't believe there's any thing in the world he would not do for me. I'm sure there's no living thing that he loves so much as myself, except, perhaps, his old uncle Simon, and his black mare.'

I had by this time returned to the fire-place, and, reseating myself, began to apostrophize my magnificent black Newfoundland, who having partaken of my dinner, was following the advice and example of Abernethy, and sleeping on the rug, as it digested. 'And you, too, my old Neptune, an't you the best and handsomest dog in the universe?'

Neptune finding himself addressed, awoke leisurely from his slumbers, and fixed his eyes on mine with an affirmative expression.

'Ay, to be sure you are; and a capital swimmer too?'

Neptune raised his head from the rug, and beat the ground with his tail, first to the right hand, and then to the left.

'And is he not a fine faithful fellow? And does he not love his master?'

Neptune rubbed his head against my hand, and concluded the conversation, by sinking into repose.

'That dog's a philosopher,' I said; 'H

never says a word more than is necessary :— Then, again, not only blest in love and friendship, and my dog; but what luck it was to sell, and in these times too, that old, lumbering house of my father's, with its bleak, bare, hilly acres of chalk and stone, for eighty thousand pounds, and to have the money paid down, on the very day the bargain was concluded. By the by, though, I had forgot :—I may as well write to Messrs. Drax & Drayton about that money, and order them to pay it immediately into Coutt's—mighty honest people, and all that; but faith no solicitors should be trusted or tempted too far. It's a foolish way, at any time, to leave money in other people's hands—in any body's hands—and I'll write about it at once.

As I said, so I did. I wrote my commands to Messrs Drax and Drayton, to pay my eighty thousand pounds into Coutt's; and after desiring that my note might be forwarded to them, the first thing in the morning, I took my candle, and accompanied Mr. Neptune, who always keeps watch by night by my chamber door, proceeded to bed, as the watchman was calling 'past twelve o'clock,' beneath my window.

It is indisputably very beneficial for a man to go to bed thus early; it secures him such pleasant dreams. The visions that filled my imagination during sleep, were not of a less animated nature than those of my waking lucubrations. I dreamt, that it was day-break on my wedding morning; that I was drest in white satin and silver lace, to go and be married: that Maria, seated in a richly painted and gilt sedan chair, was conveyed to the church by the parson and clerk who wore white favours in their wigs, and large nose-gays in the breast of their canonicals; that hands were joined by Hymen in person, who shook his torch over our heads at the altar, and danced a *pas de deux* with the bride down the middle of regent street, as we returned in procession from St. James's; that I walked by the side of Neptune, who was in some accountable manner, identified with my friend John Fraser, and acted as father of the bride, and alarmed me in the midst of the ceremony by whispering in my ear, that he had forgotten to order any breakfast for the party; that on returning to my house, which appeared to be a pavilion at Brighton, I found a quantity of money bags, full of sovereigns, each marked £80,000, ranged in rows on a marble table; that I was beginning to empty them at the feet of the bride with an appropriate compliment—when my dream was suddenly interrupted by the hasty entrance of my valet, who stood pale and trembling by my bed side and informed me, with an agitated voice, that he had carried my note as ordered, to the office of Messrs. Drax & Drayton, the first thing in the morning, and had seen Mr. Drax; but that Mr. Drayton had decamped during the night, taking away with him my £80,000, and £500 of his partner's!

I was horror-struck!—I was ruined!—What was to be done? The clock had not yet struck ten, but early as it was, I was determined to rise immediately, and see Drax myself upon the subject. In an instant—in less than an hour—I was dressed, and on my way to Lincoln's Inn. Twenty minutes after, I stood in the presence of Mr. Drax.

He appeared before me, among the last of the pig-tails, with his powdered head, his smooth black silk stockings, and his polished shoes, the very same immutable Mr. Drax, whom I had remembered as a quiz from the earliest days of my childhood. There he stood, in the same attitude, in the same dress, the same man of respectability, calculation, and arrangement, that my father had always represented to me as the model of an attorney, but with a look of bewildered paleness, as placed suddenly in a situation where his respectability became doubtful, his calculations defeated, and all his arrangements discomposed.

'Oh, Mr. Luttrell!' he exclaimed, 'I beg pardon, Mr. Lionel Luttrell, you've received information, then, of this most extraordinary occurrence:—what will the world think?—what will they say?—the house of Drax and Drayton!—Such a long established, such a respectable house!—and one of the partners—Mr. Drayton, I mean, to abscond!'

'Ay, Mr. Drax, but think of my eighty thousand pounds!'

'Sir, when they told me that Mr. Drayton was gone, I could not believe it to be a fact, it seemed a circumstance that no evidence could establish. Sir, he always opened that door, precisely at ten o'clock, every day, Sundays excepted, for these last five and twenty years; and I felt satisfied that when ten o'clock came, he would certainly arrive.'

'Very probably, sir; but your expectations were deceived; and what am I to do, to recover my money?'

'If you'll believe me, as a man of business, Mr. Lionel Luttrell, I could not persuade myself to give him up as lost, till the Lincoln's Inn clock had struck the quarter—'

'But Mr. Drax, my eighty thousand pounds!—if they are not regained, I'm ruined for ever!'

'Went away, sir, without leaving the slightest instruction where he might be met with, or where his letters might be sent after him!—A most extraordinary proceeding!'

'You'll drive me mad, Mr. Drax. Let me implore you to inform me what's to be done about my money!'

'Your money, Mr. Lionel Luttrell—here has the same party taken off £500 of the common property of the house; all the loose cash we had in the banker's hands—drew a draught for the whole amount, appropriated it to himself; and never took the ordinary measure of leaving me a memorandum of the transaction!—Why, sir, I might have drawn a bill this morning—many things less impro-

bable occur—and might have had my draught refused acceptance!

'Oh Mr. Drax, this torture will be the death of me—Sir,—sir,—I'm ruined, and I'm going to be married!'

'A most unfortunate event. But, Mr. Luttrell, you gay young men of fashion at the west end, cannot possibly enter into the feelings of a partner and a man of business—'

'Your's! Oh, sir, my eighty thousand pounds! my whole fortune!—Think what my condition is.'

'Here am I left entirely alone, unsupported, in the very middle of term time, and with such an accumulation of business on my hands as it is quite perplexing to think of. Why, Mr. Lionel, there's more to be got through than any two ordinary men could accomplish; and how is it possible that I should work my way through it by myself. So inconsiderate of Mr. Drayton!'

Tortured beyond bearing; incapable of listening any longer to the lamentations of Mr. Drax, and perceiving that he was too much engrossed by the perplexities of his own affairs, to yield any attention to my distresses, I seized my hat, and hastily departed, to seek elsewhere for the advice and consolation I required.

'I'll go to John Fraser,' I exclaimed; 'he's always sensible, always right, always kind. He'll feel for me, at all events: He'll suggest what steps are best to be taken in this most painful emergency.'

Upon this determination I immediately proceeded to act, and hastened towards Regent street, with the rapidity of one who feels impatient of every second that elapses between the conception and the execution of his purpose. As I was pressing forward on my hurried way, my thoughts absorbed in the anxiety of the moment, and my sight dazzled by the rapidity of my movements, and the confused succession of passing objects, I was checked in my course by Edward Burrell, the Pet of the Dandies—'Stop, Lionel, my dear fellow, stop. I want to congratulate you.'

'Congratulate me!—Upon what?'

'On your appointment: Inspecting Postman for the district of St. Ann's Soho. Of course you're he—none but personages of such elevated stations could be justified in using such velocity of movement, and in running over so many innocent foot passengers.'

'Nonsense!—Don't stop me! I've just heard of the greatest imaginable misfortune. Drayton, my attorney, has decamped. Heaven only knows to what country; and carried off the whole of my fortune.'

'Oh! indeed!—So you're one upon the innumerable lists of bankrupts!—a failure! a complete failure!—Don't be angry, Lionel; I always said you were rather a failure: And so now the attorney man—what's his name?—has absconded and ruined you for life by his successful speculation in hops?'

The Pet of the Dandies walked off, laugh-

ing as immoderately as a *professed Exclusive* ever dares to laugh. It had made what it believed to be a pun; that is, I suppose, I dare say the sentence is capable of some quibbling interpretation. The words are unintelligible, unless they contain a pun:—Whenever I hear one man talk nonsense, and find others laugh, I invariably conclude that he is punning; and if the last parting words of Edward Burrell really do exhibit a specimen of this vulgar kind of solecism, the puppy was more than indemnified for the distresses of his friend, as any punster would necessarily be, by the opportunity of hitching a joke upon them. 'It will not be so with you, John Fraser!' I muttered to myself; and in a few seconds I rapt at the door of his lodgings in Regent street.

(Concluded in our next.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety we still pursue,

"In pleasure seek for something new."

HOW TO GAIN A CAUSE.

Some years ago there was in Salem county, New Jersey, a Justice of the Peace, who, for the convenience of settling disputes, or for the sake of trying all the causes, was accustomed to hold his courts in every part of the county. His business was mightily increased by the reputation he had of invariably giving judgments in favour of the plaintiff. There was on his docket one exception to this truth. The defendant, in a certain suit, knowing that the Justice was professedly a devout man, and valued himself not a little on his ability for speaking at religious meetings, resolved to touch him on this particular chord. Wherefore repairing to his honour's house a little before the hour of trial he accosted him—'How d'ye do, Square?' 'Ah, how d'ye do, John, how d'ye do?' returned the Justice. 'Pretty well, I thank ye, Square,' said John; 'I hope to see you well—and to tell you the plain truth, Square, I don't know of a man whose health I consider of more importance to the county than your's, Square.' 'You flatter, John,' said the Justice. 'Heaven forbid, Square,' ejaculated the other, with well feigned sincerity, 'we who have causes to settle should be but sadly off without your wisdom and impartiality. And then your exemplary piety and happy faculties of speaking at meetings—many is the fine prayer I have heard you make—and then such exhortations—it does ones heart good to hear them, I sincerely think you have a gift from above—I do really, Square.' 'You do right,' replied the Justice, 'to ascribe it to heaven. As for me, I'm a poor feeble worm of the dust, John.' But notwithstanding his honour's exceeding humility, it was evident that the few words of flattery, so artfully applied, had effectually done the job. 'I say, John,' he repeated, 'I'm a poor simple worm of the dust—what'll you take'

drink, John?' An hour afterwards the cause came on, and to the astonishment of the plaintiff and every body else, judgment was entered in favour of the defendant.—*N. Y. Constel.*

There is much practical wisdom in the following remarks of Dr. Franklin :—

All human situations have their inconveniences: we feel those that we find in the present, and we neither feel nor see those that exist in another. Hence we make frequent and troublesome changes without amendment, and often for the worse. In my youth I was passenger in a little sloop, descending the Delaware; there being no wind, we were obliged when the ebb was spent to cast anchor and wait for the next. The heat of the sun was excessive, the company all strangers to me, and not very agreeable. Near the river side, I saw what I took to be a pleasant green meadow, in the middle of which was a large shady tree, where it struck my fancy I could sit and read, and pass the time agreeably till the tide turned. I therefore prevailed with the captain to put me ashore. Being landed, I found a great part of my meadow was really a marsh, in crossing which to come at my tree, I was up to my knees in the mud; and I had not placed myself under its shade five minutes before the mosquitoes, in swarms found me out, attacked my face and legs, and made my reading and my rest impossible, so that I returned to the beach and called for a boat to come and take me on board again, where I was obliged to bear the heat I had strove to quit, and also the laugh of the company. Similar cases in the affairs of life have often fallen under my observation.

How different is the view of past life, in the man who has grown old in knowledge and wisdom from that of him who is grown old in ignorance and folly. The latter is like the owner of a barren country, that fills his eye with the prospect of naked hills and plains which produce nothing either profitable or ornamental; the other beholds a beautiful and spacious landscape, divided into delightful gardens, green meadows, fruitful fields, and can scarce cast his eye on a single spot of his possessions that is not covered with some beautiful plant or flower.—*Addison.*

Pedantry reproved.—A young man who was a student in one of our colleges, being very vain of his knowledge of the Latin language, embraced every opportunity that offered, uttering short sentences in Latin before his more illiterate companions. An uncle of his, who was a seafaring man, having just arrived from a long voyage, invited his nephew to visit him on board of the ship. The young gentleman went on board, and was highly pleased with every thing he saw.—Wishing to give his uncle an idea of his superior knowledge, he tapped him on the shoulder, and pointed to the windless, asked, 'Quid est hoc?' His uncle, being

a man who despised such vanity, took a chew of tobacco from his mouth, and throwing it in his nephew's face, replied, 'Hoc est quid.'

Milton.—The duke of York, afterwards James II. visited Milton when he was old and blind, and asked him if he did not think his loss of sight was a punishment on him for having opposed his father.—Milton in answer to this insulting speech, said, 'If our misfortunes in this world are in proportion to our offences, how much more sinful must your father have been than me, for he lost his head, and I have only lost my eyes.'

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1830.

The Miscellany.—This little paper, several numbers of which we have received, is printed in Pittsfield, Mass. and consists wholly of original pieces and translations, by the members of the Berkshire Gymnasium, who alternately act as editors, and to whose improvement in composition, &c. it is exclusively devoted—such a publication is well calculated to incite emulation and call forth the latent energies of the juvenile mind, and will doubtless reflect honour on the institution.

The Juvenile Repository.—We received a few weeks since, the second number of this paper, published semi-monthly at Providence, R. I. and, as far as we can judge from the perusal of one number, think it promises to become a useful and interesting publication. The principal object of the Repository, is the improvement of young writers in composition—it is a small half sheet in the quarto form and is afforded at the low price of fifty cents per annum.

Henry and Caroline.—Among the contents of the last mentioned paper, we observed the story of 'Henry and Caroline,' from the pen of our fair correspondent Clarissa, which appeared originally in our paper, republished without either signature or acknowledgment of its origin; though perhaps the fault may not be chargeable upon the editor, as we have seen it inserted several times, in different papers, in the same uncourteous manner; and among the rest, we are sorry to say, in the 'Farmer's Register,' published in Troy, the residence of the author of the article in question. By the by, we hope our friend Clarissa has not forsaken us—we like her stories; for notwithstanding the faults in punctuation, &c. of which we have heretofore complained, they are, what cannot be said of some we receive, good in the main, and worth the trouble of correcting; though we are persuaded that a little attention on her part would not only render any labour of ours superfluous; but, as authors can best arrange their own compositions, to be understood in the sense they would wish, add greatly to the beauty and value of her communications.

MARRIED,

In this city, on Thursday the 25th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Loomis, Mr. Samuel Plumb to Miss Jane Macy.

DIED,

In this city, on Thursday the 4th inst. of apoplexy, Mr. David Auchinvole, aged about 66 years.

On the same day, Mr. David Becraft, aged 58 years.

In Germantown, on the 14th ult. of consumption, Mrs. Polly Ten Broeck, wife of Mr. Seth Ten Broeck, aged 42 years.

At Marseilles, in France, on the 2d of January last, Nathaniel H. Carter, Esq. formerly Editor of the New-York Statesman.



POETRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

GLOOMY MOMENTS.

Show not to me the gilded hall
Where airy fortune shines,
Nor show to me the coronal,
Bedeck'd from Ophir's mines.
Dash from my breast aspiring hope,
Nor point to Fame's high road,
Where hapless mortals vainly grope,
To gain her high abode.
Show not to me the circle gay,
Where youth and beauty bloom,
The bright ephemera of a day—
But animated loam.
Fling not before my downcast eye,
The charms of vernal morn,
Nor point my sight to yonder sky,
Which brilliants thick adorn.
Fortune is but an empty shade,
And fame an airy breath,
They vegetate, they bloom and fade,
Nor stay the arm of death.
And youth is but a passing dream,
And beauty soon is o'er—
They soon are lost in time's dark stream,
Decay, are seen no more.
Then point me not to things like these,
So empty, fleeting, vain;
They will not give the pain'd heart ease,
Nor gladden it again.
But leave me to my darken'd fate,
To mourn alone, awhile,
Nor cheer this heart so desolate,
Nor try to win a smile.
To me there is a soothing balm,
In night's dark, noiseless gloom,
Tho' much it is like that dread calm,
Within the silent tomb—
Where, broken by afflictions rod,
I soon shall make my bed,
And tempt the path which must be trod,
To join the num'rous dead. OSMAR.

FROM THE GENIUS OF UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION.

THE DEVOTED.

'It was a beautiful turn given by a great lady, who being asked where her husband was, when he lay concealed for having been deeply concerned in a conspiracy, resolutely answered that she had hidden him. This confession caused her to be carried before the governor, who told her that nothing but confession where she had hidden him, could save her from the torture. "And will that do?" said she. "Yes," replied the governor. "Then," replied she, "I have hidden him in my heart." Stern faces were around her bent, and eyes of vengeful ire,
And fearful were the words they spake, of torture, stake and fire;
Yet calmly in the midst she stood, with eye undimmed and clear,
And though her lip and cheek were white, she wore no sign of fear.

'Where is thy traitor spouse?' they said—a half formed smile of scorn,
That curled upon her haughty lip, was back for answer borne;
'Where is thy traitor spouse?' again in fiercer tones they said,
And sternly pointed to the rack, all rusted o'er with red!
Her heart and pulse beat firm and free—but in a crimson flood,
O'er pallid lip, and cheek and brow, rushed up the burning blood!
She spake—but proudly rose her tones, as when in hall or bower,
The haughtiest chief that round her stood, had meekly owned her power.
'My noble lord is placed within a safe and sure retreat—'
'Now tell us where, thou lady fair, as thou wouldst mercy meet;
Nor deem thy life can purchase his—he cannot 'scape our wrath,
For many a warrior's watchful eye is placed o'er every path.
But thou may'st win his broad estates to grace thine infant heir,
And life and honor for thyself—so thou his haunts declare.'
She laid her hand upon her heart—her eye flash'd proud and clear,
And firmer grew her haughty tread—'my lord is hidden HERE!
And if ye seek to view his form, ye first must tear away
From round his secret dwelling place, these walls of living clay.'
They quailed beneath her lofty glance—they silent turned aside,
And left her all unharmed amidst her loveliness and pride. MARGARET.

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all,
"Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Time.

PUZZLE II.—The Answer.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

There is a word which I admire,
More than Piano, Flute or Lyre;
Put in that word the letter E,
And you destroy all melody,
And form a term which you would dread
To hear or feel upon your head.

II.

What is that the more you add to it the less it weighs?

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